

MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 4.

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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

**A Gain of
36,213
PER DAY.**

The following figures are taken from the books of THE WORLD and are SUBJECT TO ANY TEST or comparison to which esteemed contemporaries may be pleased to subject them:

Total number of WORLD'S printed bonds filed during December, 1890..... 9,208,780

Total number of WORLD'S printed bonds filed during December, 1891..... 10,831,420

Total gain for December, 1891..... 1,122,640

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR DECEMBER, 1890, 297,058.

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR DECEMBER, 1891, 333,271.

TOTAL GAIN PER DAY FOR 1891, 36,213.

DEPANT OUTLAWS.

New York's outlaws evidently intend to defy the law until they are put in safety behind iron bars. Mr. "Honest" John Kelly having kept his dive closed for one night, and thus satisfied his conscience, opened it again on Saturday night and last night. So did Mr. Carey Weston, and Mr. Frank Stevenson and the rest of the band.

This is but another illustration of the lawlessness of these worthies. For years they have defied all decency and authority. They think that they are too powerful to be molested. McGlour had the same idea. They can only put off the day of reckoning.

FOR SAFETY ON THE CENTRAL.

THE WORLD was able to report progress this morning in its campaign for public safety on the New York Central Railway. President Drexel has notified the Railroad Commissioners that the block signal system will be extended to Peckskill within six weeks, to Albany as rapidly as it can be constructed, and also from Albany to Buffalo. The Company has not yet determined which of the three systems under examination is the best.

In that the Company has decided to act, there is progress. But great public interests demand that it shall now act promptly. It has already been too fatally slow.

There was method in the madness of the man who, rushing through the streets yesterday, under the impression that he was pursued by rats, carried a big cat as a last resort should the rodent army press him too closely. But next time he should take a fox-terrier. It would do better execution than a cat.

It is given out as an ominous fact that during forty minutes of his New Year's reception the Kaiser spoke not forty words. It doesn't seem to strike the correspondents that the very things he least said may longer preserve the peace of Europe.

Gov. Flower, it is said, will first recommend an immediate numeration of the State's people. Good. And the Legislature, it is declared, will act promptly on the recommendation. Better.

WARNER MILLER told a city congregation yesterday that he believed the world was growing better. It is suspected that his optimism experienced a boom when he realized the defeat of Platt.

The Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church has thrown open all its pews to the public without price. This is a practical step towards making salvation free.

Even a year in jail will make Glen Gardner's over-vigilant committee think twice before it tar and feathers another woman as it did poor JULIA BEAM.

GOV. CAMPBELL'S final message to the Ohio Legislature is in six lines. In such brevity there should be the soul of much statesmanship.

The snow flurry of yesterday appears to have been nothing more than a bit of New Year flirtatiousness on the part of old Winter.

Speaker Clegg has no fellow-citizen who would not be pleased to see him well enough to preside over the House tomorrow.

The office of Factory Inspector calls loudly for a man of the measure of its own importance.

As for New York's outlaws, they must go.

THE CLEANER.

Coming downtown in an elevated train this morning I heard a saloon-keeper, who sat next me telling a friend that he would have closed his liquor store on New Year's Day, but it was not possible. "I found that the front door was the only one which could be secured," said he. "I had no key for the side door, and if I had had one, the lock was useless. That side door hadn't been locked since I bought the place, and no attention had been paid to fastenings which I had no occasion to use, as I have kept open day and night."

I see that Mrs. Van Henssener Olinger is quoted as saying that roller-skating is one of her pet amusements, and that "if there was one of his first pastimes," Mrs. Olinger is evidently unaware that there is such a place in Harlem, and what a bon mot it would be for the proprietor if the society queen and famous author should make her appearance on the polished floor some evening! The spectacle of this high-bred beauty gliding gracefully about on the little rollers would fill the managers' hearts with a joy they have not known since the town went crazy on casters.

A team of horses driven through the Park the other day was the object of many admiring glances, for in the gentleman who held the ribbons was recognized Mr. Robert Bonner, and one of the horses was the famous sunst. Mr. Bonner is getting the man used to the pole before attempting to drive her alone.

I am glad to see that Col. Emmons Clark, the veteran Secretary of the Health Department, is on the fair way to recovery. He has been suffering from an attack of the grippe, and at one time his recovery was considered doubtful.

There still appears to be a suspicion that Mrs. Osborne, whose theft of friend's jewels, formed the most recent cause célèbre in London social life, came to this country on the City of Paris under an assumed name. Purser Miller of the big Union liner, assures me that Mrs. Osborne was not a passenger. Why, it would be impossible for her to come over here without being recognized, he said. "In the first place, no case in history has been given more publicity in the London newspapers, and her picture is familiar to every passer on a transatlantic steamer. Secondly, I was personally acquainted with every cabin passenger on this trip, and I know she was not on board."

How Quay Must Be Beaten.
(From the *Headquarters*)
Sen. Quay is to be defeated for renomination. It must be by the friends of the Republican party, not by the personal enemies of himself.

A Want Filled Long Ago.
(From the *Philadelphia Press*)

A new self-starting astronomical attachment records the moment the moon is full for a gastronomic device that will do the same service for poor weak man.

The Crank's Inscrutability.
(From the *Chicago Post*)

Who could have foreseen that such a man as Mr. Childs would have been importuned for his money while one of the Vanderbilts should be let off with a demand for his brains? Truly the ways of the crank are inscrutable.

And Boston Believes in Both.
(From the *Boston Times*)

Once again it is announced that Mr. Howells will bid farewell to Boston forever. Mr. Howells is the Adelina Patti of literature.

Does John L. Want Forgiveness?
(From the *Chicago Star*)

John L. Sullivan is losing prestige through his singular actions, but he will brace up and administer a sound thrashing to one Charles Mitchell, of England, all will be forgotten.

As a Monumental Prodigy.
(From the *Chicago News*)

That astute statesman in Washington informed his colleagues in Congress that he was now perfectly familiar with the tariff question, for he had spent two whole weeks in studying it, should be put on exhibition at the World's Fair.

Electric Safety.
(From the *Boston Record*)

Portable electric lanterns seem to be an established fact. When they came into general use catastrophes in mines caused by explosion of the damp will be a thing of the past. A hearty welcome to the electric lantern.

Crawley.
(From *Judges*)

Crawley—You ain't got another pie like this you give me this morning, has you?

Hauswifey—Are you hungry again?

Crawley—Not exactly, but I've got to walk on a stone-balast railroad track, and I want a perfect both my feet.

Three-Handed Man.
(From *Brooks Magazine*)

Jerome—What's that? Mrs. Broke got off her husband, didn't she?

Cathleen—What was that?

Jerome—Hush! Said he was a three-handed wonder—right hand, left hand and a little bimbo-hand.

University Uses.
(From the *Central*)

Mother—Have you seen Mr. Brown's son since he got home from college?

Daughter—Yes, I saw him last night.

“Has he improved much?”

“Oh, awfully! He's got a mustache.”

Was It Paid?
(From *Brooks Magazine*)

Passenger (to the steward)—I think I've got into the wrong carriage.

Ticket Inspector (sternly)—The difference must be paid.

Passenger (evidently)—Oh, just so! Then I'll pay you for seventeen half-pence. I've a terrible headache.

Speaker Clegg's Innocence.
(From the *Central*)

“Will Harry Johnson go to heaven when he dies?”

“I hope so, dear.”

“Will he have a bigger boat than me, up there?”

“He won't have any boat at all.”

“When will he die?”

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SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

Kind to the Police.

A boy conducted an oddish man into the presence of a patrolman on Fourteenth street the other day, and when the officer asked what the trouble was, the stranger said:

“I expect I've been robbed of my watch.

“Watch gone, eh? Haven't you any idea where you lost it?”

“Not the slightest. I was down here somewhere by a trolley and took a drink with a man. Might he got it?”

“Anywhere else?”

“I was over here somewhere by a park, and a good-natured feller wrasse me down on the grass. He might have got it.”

“Anywhere else?”

“I jumped off a street car down here somewhere and fell head over heels. I went back and found my jack-knife, but the watch wasn't lying around.”

“Have any other adventure?” queried the officer.

“Well, I fell asleep in a place down by the river, and I believe some one stole 15 cents out of my pocket, but I didn't think nothing about the watch.”

“I can't help you any,” said the officer, as he turned away.

“No, I didn't expect you could, but I thought I'd tell you about it, and kinder put you on your guard. If you carry any valuables about you keep your eyes peeled. This is a powerful big town, with lots of wicked folks in it, and they'd rob you quicker'n seat.”

“I think I can take care of myself,” remarked the officer.

“I hope you kin, but don't be too over-confident. That's the way I thought, and where am I now? I traded a yearling calf for that watch last Spring, and then give \$2 to have it plated over, and where is she to-day? Just take a maylor's advice and keep your eyes peeled. I'll be around here for a day or two yet, and if anybody tries any ginn-game on you jest holder, and I'll be right on deck to help give him an all-fired woolgoin'.”

M. QUAD.

SPORTING NOTES AND NEWS.

Suggestions for a More Compact Organization of the A. A. U.

For some time past difficulties have arisen in the ranks of the A. A. U. which are causing a great deal of discussion as to the best means of managing affairs in order to give satisfaction to all concerned. A prominent official of the Union, in talking about the matter, says:

“I do not want to criticize the present Board of Governors. They are doing the best they can. It is not the Board that is at fault but the system under which they work. The fact of the matter is the A. A. U. tries to do so much. The Union should settle down to one thing and try and do that well. It should devote its attention to field and track athletics solely and do so by looking into every detail of that branch of sport with the one idea in mind. The various other branches of sport should be handled by associations formed for that purpose, the officials of which being responsible alone for the condition of their respective organizations. For instance, the clubs, boxing-hounds and wrestling-the object of their existence should form a league of their own, and all other bodies not connected with the distinct sport which it follows should form associations. All such organizations should be made up of delegates from each of the associations in it. Each branch of sport should receive direct representation and two men, for instance, from the Metropolitans for the tin plate makers while they did not do the same service for poor weak man.

The Lyceum stock company will not go to California this summer. For the first time in several seasons the organization will have no holiday. Georgia, her associates write, has been unable to raise money. The two weeks of work are not the usual thing for actors and actresses. They do not care for such a long season, although it means more money to them.

Arthur W. Pinero, the star of “Yon Yonson,” is said to be very delighted at the success of his play, “Lady Bountiful,” in this country. The girl who plays the rôle of Lady Bountiful is a skint girl, and looks like a tramp. The actress is to appear in France next season. The actress was strongly advised by this man not to present “Josephine” in New York, as she did two seasons ago. Oh, why did she not heed the warning?

Pocketbooks are outrageously high priced. Think of having to pay \$2.50 for a kangaroo book four inches long and one and a quarter inches wide, or compromise on a huge thing in leatherette, the fancy dress name for varnished paper.

The list of phenomenal gems, now so fashionable, is a short one, including chrysanthemum cat's-eyes, Alexandrite cat's-eyes, Alexandrites, ruby and sapphires, asterias, moonstones and white and blue chrysoberyls.

As sieves remain long, outdoor gloves have four buttons at most; but for evening wear the long snuffe monogram gloves are still the most stylish, the newest shade being delicate ecru or string color, which can be worn with any dress, while, if any other shade is worn, it should match the dress as closely as possible.

The gilders and picture framers of Hoboken, N. J., are in great demand. It is said that the men will soon be successful, “as sales are increasing rapidly.”

Twenty-cent lamps employed by Contractors for Fireless, for the Flammable Gaslight Company, are set against a background of wavy, horizontal lines, and look like a picture. The lamps are perched on a shelf, and the contractor promises to make them look like a picture.

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